

THE

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SPIRITUALITY.

CECELIA DEVYR.

'Tis not in loving God afar,
In overstraining human powers,
In spirit flights from star to star,
In quest of bright eternal bowers.

'Tis not in weighing scriptural words,
Nor studying cabalistic signs,
*'Tis not in watching flights of birds,
Nor poring over sulphur shrines.

'Tis not in wild, ecstatic thought,
The zeal that madness close allies,
Nor in conversions, lightly caught,
From passing meteors in the skies.

'Tis not in formal rite or prayer;
'Tis not in all perfected creeds;
'Tis not in saintly robe nor air,
In chalice font, nor sacred beads.

The heavenly kingdom is within
The common things that mortals slight,
And love alone can entrance win,
Into its holy pure delight.

The heart must love, and loving, know
By intuition's subtle powers—
The undercurrent tides that flow,
Throughout this wondrous life of ours.

The rapturous soul, that soars above
The vale that true affection yields,
Will find a realm too cold for love,
In planet-seeded, ether fields.

Yea, he who does not prize the laws
Of life, in tiny flower and blade,
Will darkly, vainly seek the cause,
That vast creation's structure made.

No warbler builds her nest in air;
No blossom climbs the solar ray;
No life develops full and fair,
But in its God-appointed way.

And God's appointed way is law;
Its revelations are from Him;
The promises the prophets saw,
Beside its workings, are but dim.

*Old Roman customs.

For, as the pulses of the spring
Throb through all nature's vast domain,
So, true religion's breath will bring
The soul its blossom-time again.

Yea, true religion will redeem
From every blight, and cumbering
thorn;
And cause the heart, and earth to teem
With fruits of the MILLENNIAL MORN.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

'SACRED PLACES, SACRED SEASONS.

G. B. AVERY.

Robert Owen declared, that "Man is solely the creature of circumstances." Were this a truism, no efforts, on his own part to avert evil, and attain good, could modify his condition; he simply would drift as the waves of surrounding influences float his bark seaward—toward the vortex of interminable ruin, or shoreward, toward the haven of truth and blessedness. In other words, he becomes the tool of all other influences but his own will; or, weaker still, without a will power! That man is measurably characterized by circumstances, is a fact supported by universal experience. "Moore," the Psycho-Moralist, says that "dirt upon the person, needlessly and carelessly suffered to remain there, is not merely dirt, for, no sooner is it carelessly left upon the skin, than it begins to travel soulward."

A ragged, shabby dress instinctively invites to carelessness of dirt and filth, and indifference to contact with them. This is so well understood by reformers, that in the "Reform Schools" of our country it is considered almost impossible to produce much reform in children while shabbily and dirtily dressed. There is intuitively in the hu-

man understanding a measurable sense of the fitness of things and conditions; hence, the common custom of dressing nicely for church or meeting; of erecting nice buildings for churches, and neat halls held exclusively for the purpose of meetings for sacred devotions to spiritual and heavenly themes; and, by the laws of spiritual affinity and sympathy, it is much easier for a person to *feel* cleanly in spirit, when washed and dressed cleanly, than when in filthy or tattered garments. This law of sympathy between soul and body was so well understood by the ancients, that, in cases of national sorrows, or extreme personal sufferings of spirit, it was customary even for nobles and kings to rend their garments; to dress in sackcloth and ashes; and to put dust upon their heads. Every tatter of a garment, quietly worn ragged, is gnawing a rag into the wholesome completeness of a sound, clean feeling.

The soul writes upon the tablets of sympathy every character of experience in human life; and also all that the senses have inhaled, be it beauty or deformity, cleanliness or filthiness, sickness or health, pain or pleasure, sorrow or joy. It is much easier to feel sorrowful when in the presence of those who suffer, and joyful when con-versed with those who are happy and glad.

A tatterdemalion is an encyclopedia of unfinished woes, whose every rag creeps soulward, and steals a portion of one's sense of fitness for good society.

It is easier for the soul to fraternize with angels in the spirit spheres, while in apartments kept sacred for devotion to heavenly and pure themes, than it possibly could be in a stable or butcher's stall, or in the distractions of a factory. It would seem that any human being could realize the difficulty of feeling a heavenly stillness, a worship to God, on the plains of a battle-field, mid the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and clashing of resounding arms. Yet, we find people pandering to an indifference and disregard for sacred places, and sacred seasons, and would abandon churches, meeting-halls and retiring rooms, to the common uses and abuses of secular life.

"But, thou, when thou prayest, enter into

thy closet, and pray in secret, and thy Father, who seest in secret, shall reward thee openly." Ah, it is when retired to the consecrated hall of worship, or the closeted sanctuary of the dwelling, that the closet of the heart can be most accessible, where the soul can most readily free itself from earthly toils and conflicts, and yield up itself to sympathies of the heavenly hosts.

If society has no sacred places, the earthly home is but a market place, where earthly gains and pleasures are traded for sensual delights, and spiritual gifts and graces are unknown; man becomes a mere earth-worm, a ground hog. If sacred places are abandoned to secular uses, cumbered with the truck of trade, papers, books, literature of a worldly character, or needless furniture inappropriate to a place of retirement and worship, there is unavoidably added much labor of obtaining, in those retreats, a heavenly, devotional, worshipful spirit; because of the sensitiveness of the human soul to surroundings. When Jesus entered into the Jewish Temple for the worship of Jehovah, and found there the tables of money changers, and seats of dove sellers, he thus reproved the people. "It is written, 'My House shall be called the House of Prayer,' but ye have made it a den of thieves;" and He drove them out.

There is, in the social economy as real necessity for *sacred seasons*, as for sacred places; Sabbaths—times for devotion, principally to spiritual gifts and pursuits. True the Christian Sabbath, in its widest sense, is that order of life in the New Heavens and New Earth, instituted by obedience to the law of Christ's Kingdom, which shall ransom man from selfishness and sin, and make his whole life a consecration to God; but, to obtain the advent of this Sabbath, *par excellence*, many minor Sabbaths and their fruits are necessary.

The mind and spirit as really need seasons of retirement, rest from earth's turmoil, as does the physical body. As well think of obtaining sweet, inspiring, refreshing soul-food, while subjected to the noise and bustle of the factory, mid the whirl of business, the thundering of locomotives, screechings of steam-whistles, clashing of saws,

and din of hammers or ringing of anvils; the belchings of Vesuvius, the thunderings of Niagara, the roarings of the billowy deep dashing its breakers upon the rock-bound shores, as to obtain sweet sleep for the body mid the commotions of the hurricane!

The more subtle and delicate the sense, and refined the influence, the more retired and sacred must be the opportunity for its development. Who could anticipate that a *connoisseur* could detect and appreciate the delicate flavor of a choice wine, immediately after having tasted aloes, or sharp vinegar? Or who could hear the delicate tones repeated by the telephone, while the ears were dinned by the roar of cannon? As the murmuring of rills, the purring of spindles, the soft strains of the viol, and the faint whisperings of the Æolian harp, are the harbingers of sleep, so the soliloquies of reflection, the sequestrations of retirement are the necessary provisions for the manifestations of spiritual influences and gifts.

Thus is man, both body and soul, the subject of influences, though not wholly the creature of circumstances; but he is moved by all characters of passing events, toward some new goal of thought, feeling and action. Let us hold fast to our *Sacred places and Sacred Seasons*.

Shakers, N. Y.

GOD'S LAWS IMMUTABLE.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

As the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth and hath long patience for it, believing that in due time he will receive the early and later rains, and reap an abundant harvest, the fruit of his toil, even so hath the great Husbandman of all worlds and heavens awaited the growth and development of races and kindreds toward the *soul* of the Universe of Mind and matter.

Finite minds, however piercing or

enlightened, and even when aided by prophetic lens, cannot comprehend and traverse the length and breadth of God's laws, which are, and will ever remain, unchangeable. He saw "the end from the beginning;" and worlds on worlds are but an outward expression of the Deific will of Wisdom and Love, the creative and harmonizing forces in all material or spiritual substances; and to counteract or destroy those laws, would be to destroy a part of Deity itself.

Man and woman in their incompleteness fail to grasp and comprehend the fullness of the God-head, or the laws by which the worlds move with exact precision from age to age; yet by searching may find out sufficient to enable them to be co-workers with God, in maturing and perfecting the original plan touching the welfare of the human race, and be instrumental in adapting those laws to present needs and conditions according to times and seasons; and may form new codes of laws subservient to the higher and subject to change as the increase of light and truth may demand; and each successive change should advance the race one degree nearer the great Center of all.

Corrective agencies must be employed to reform and better conditions, physically, morally, and spiritually. Without such cogency to work change of thought and action, there would be no expansion and growth. The effectual needed change from inferior to superior conditions, must come to us through mediators—higher intelligences above and beyond us. Through them we reason with God; they are our ministers; with them

we learn to think, and by them our thoughts are borne to the great Originator of thought, and adjudged. How wise and prudent for all to learn to reason and think justly and truly! The soul's progress may be hastened or retarded as we will it, in a large degree. As a child looks to a father for strength, and yearns for the tender embraces of a loving mother, so does the heart of humanity go forth to the universal Father for strength to hold, and wisdom to direct; and for that charity, love and care which only a mother in God can feel and impart.

When we are convinced that corrupt desires, and gross habits, inherited or acquired, impede the soul's growth into the higher life, then, if honest and sincere, we ask for a *change*, for a power of emancipation, and we long to burst the bands which bind, and hold us to inferior objects and creature loves; and we then put forth efforts to effect such change through inward strivings, and outwrought works of purity and love. By thus changing individual character we become co-workers with God, and are in harmony with divine law, which is unchangeable. While in the earth sphere, soul and body are closely allied, and the spirit cannot progress Godward while the body is subject to gross and sinful passions. As with individuals, so with collective bodies. If the civil rulers of a nation are governed by political intrigue instead of sound principles; if they frame and execute unjust laws, they to the same extent place barriers in the way of national progress, morally and spiritually. There are boundary lines placed

beyond which it is difficult to pass without causing inharmony and breaking the connecting link of the chain that binds individuals to society at large.

But notwithstanding the strong hand of political power is often laid upon the true prophetic spirit of the ages, still under the good providence of God the car of human progress moves on, refining and maturing the natural, material world of matter, while enlivening and hastening spiritual growth, causing large classes of men and women to leave the narrow limits of the past and find new channels of thought; to enter into new fields of action, and in every department seek to solve the problems of life in the present, and thus to prepare for the future.

Intensified by scientific development, the human mind expands more and more, and seeks to brush away the clouds of sectarianism, of whatever name or nature, that have hitherto blinded the sight or fettered the intellect, and hindered the soul's growth into the divine. And with all the opposing influences in active operation against scientific culture and moral refinement, every year makes its mark in the world's great history, and adds to its pages some illumined thought beyond the past, and by quickened and co-operative action, the seen and unseen worlds move on in harmony to greater and still greater perfection and beauty, the lesser subservient to the greater; and all, as they onward move, in one harmonious strain, chant the praises of the Universal Father and Mother whose love and care extend to all.

"THE GOOD TIME COMING."

BY WM. H. BUSSELL.

Number 2.

"There is no death; what seems so is transition."

Reason as well as science proclaims the indestructible nature of all things. Life reigns supreme throughout the universe. What has been called death is simply dissolution of existing forms. Change is one of the modes of active life. "Surely the mountain falling cometh to nought," but only as mountain. The incessant action of the elements reduces it by degrees to a state from which superior forms are produced — the grand and beautiful tree; the flowers of varied hues; the life-sustaining grains, and the fruit which delight both sight and taste.

The earth has written upon its surface, to a considerable extent, its own history, which every geologist can read. In the early period there was, as now presented, the sublime scenery of mountain and valley, lake and river, sea and ocean. Then, by degrees, it put on its garments of beauty. Then appeared the vast and varied multitudes of swimming, creeping, walking, running and flying life. After that, as its crowning glory, came the being with capacity ultimately to appreciate and enjoy all the grand operations hitherto effected or thereafter to be performed.

There is no fact in human history better established than that of the low grade of life possessed by man in the earliest ages. The inhabitant of countries at present styled enlightened has no reason to boast of his descent. Whatever books of heraldry may show him with respect to his ancestry, the "living epistles" still here and there upon the earth teach unmistakably that, even if Darwin's theory of his origin is not true, yet his progenitors, if but "little lower than the angels," were, in fact, not much above the beasts of forest and plain. But it is no less true that his present condition, physically, intellectually, morally and socially, is vastly in advance of that in all preceding periods. There is no need of entering into details. Human history, scanty as it is, sufficiently corroborates the statement. It

teaches progress toward higher conditions as man's destiny.

The radical teachings of Jesus Christ respecting the Divine character mark the grandest era in the world's history. "God is love." "God so loved the world!" Jesus not only taught the universality of love, He exemplified it in His own life. The crowning act of His earthly career was illustrative of the Divine love. The lesson seems a hard one for human beings to learn. The theory is simple, but, alas, for the practice that has been exhibited by many since the days of Jesus and His early disciples! Nevertheless the lesson itself has never been lost from view, however much it has been surrounded by absurd theories. It has influenced the conduct of thousands all along, and should have influenced myriads more. It is the central idea of progress. It is the grace in which mankind must grow or their advancement in other respects will lack the essential characteristics of progress. All forms of progress, indeed, must be regarded as the off-shoots of one universal spiritual element, Divine Love. This is an ever active element, but little understood by undeveloped minds, yet seen to be operative in all the affairs of life by those whose spiritual vision has been opened. These cannot fail to perceive its steady, gradual working any more than they fail to see the various operations of nature throughout the varied year. They recognize its action in the past, but feel its power in their own times. To them "the darkness is past and the true light is now shining." They feel it in the various reforms of the age in which they interest themselves, whether against the tyranny of the individual or of society; the tyranny of the passions or of the appetites; hence the spirit of prophecy within them breaks forth in predictions clear and strong as those of "Holy Writ." Slavery must end, and every form of oppression cease in "the good time coming;" men and women must be respected because they are men and women; all must have an equal share in all the blessings of life, because by nature they are entitled to them, and Divine Love confirms to them the title; the future welfare of every individual is

secured to each, and he has only to enter upon proceedings in the court of Divine Love for judgment to be rendered in his behalf. Or, in other words, Divine Love must respect all the objects of its love, and, in the blest future, provide that all shall enter through the gates into the city of Love, after having washed their robes and made them white in the life and spirit of Love, which is "the blood of the Lamb."

LOST—SAVED.

BY MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

Lost! lost! in the by-way turns
That meet in the downward road,
When the soul the narrow highway spurns,
Which upward leads to God.

Lost! but a little slip at first,
Then many a foot-fall down,
'Till the fair of earth with sin accursed,
Miss virtue's shining crown.

Lost! in the drunkard's shadowy path,
First drawn by the sparkling bowl
To enter the way of sin and wrath,
That ruins body and soul.

Lost! how the tempting gleams of gold
Sets honesty aside,
'Till by degrees the heart grows bold
In the stronghold of its pride.

Lost! in the vain and fruitless chase
For honor, and wealth, and fame,
Where glory wrapped in selfhood base,
Proved but an empty name.

Lost! through the storm of passions wild
Which led the feet astray.
Unconsciously, through wrong beguiled,
They passed on the downward way.

Lost! for an awful dearth and blight
Rests on the wayward heart,
Who turned from a knowledge of truth and
right
And walks from good apart.

Lost! there are stealthy, subtle foes
Who bind their chains around,
'Till habits formed their power disclose,
And the helpless soul is bound.

Lost! to a sense of blushing shame
With a conscience scared and scarred,
Rises no holy incense flame,
From out that vessel marred?

Lost! O! shall we think for aye
Are sealed their fate and doom?
That through the blackness gleams no day
Their dark haunts to illumine?

Saved! saved! from the depths of woe
And endless misery;
Saved, though fallen ever so low,
Each human soul will be.

Saved! there are blessed angels sent
From glorious spheres above;
Who cause the erring to repent
Through the pleading voice of love.

Saved! when the steps shall be retraced
With a purpose to do right;
Through sorrow alone is sin erased,
Or the spirit robes made white.

Saved! for eternal justice grand,
Rules all above, below
Unchanged and true God's laws shall stand,
"We'll reap just what we sow."
Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

INDIANS.

BY JAMES S. PRESCOTT.

"Who hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

It is estimated that there are about nine millions of Indians in South America, and about six millions in North America. Those in the United States and Territories, at the present time, number about 316,000. Those civilized about 100,000; semi-civilized, 135,000, and those wild and barbarous, about 81,000. It is difficult to get the exact number of the nomad tribes because of their superstitious reluctance to be counted.

The great question before Congress now is, shall the Indian Bureau be transferred from the Department of the Interior to the War Department? or, shall it remain where it is, under a "PEACE" policy inaugurated by President Grant? and under whose policy some 40,000 or more of the nomad Indians have become civilized so far as to get their living by habits of industry, by tilling the soil and cultivating the land, and thereby have become self-supporting communities.

This has been done by missionaries sent among them for that purpose, supported mostly by the churches to which they belong, and ought to be satisfactory to all who wish to see justice done the Indians. Every degree of civilization is good as far as it goes, to prepare them for a higher life.

The decision of this question is of vital importance to the Indians, because it in-

volves a principle of life or death. It is civilization or extermination. Whichever way it is decided it cannot but have an important bearing on the future destiny of the Indians.

All parties agree that the only way to save the nomad Indians, is civilization—educating them up to a higher standard of morals—teaching them how to work for a living; how to labor with their hands; how to build houses and inhabit them; how to plant vineyards and eat the fruit thereof; how to build fences and raise stock; how to till the soil on which they dwell, and to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. And these they are willing to learn if the whites will give them a fair chance. Then why should they be exterminated in a free country, because they are not willing to come under the iron heel of the War Department?

When we speak of the noble red man and the noble white man, we do not mean those fiends in human shape, who indiscriminately ravish and slaughter the innocent, but we mean those noble traits of character and generous impulses, which, as individuals, adorn the pages of history, and which are characteristic more or less of both races.

It is said that "civilization must be done by force of arms, and that 'persuasion' is wasted on the nomad Indians, and that Peace Agents are a failure," etc. The advocates of the peace policy take issue with the War Department on this ground, and are prepared to show from facts and figures to the contrary—that the "PEACE" policy is the only policy that has ever succeeded in civilizing the Indians. Strong arguments are offered on both sides. Our limits will not admit of reviewing these arguments in detail. The preponderance, however, of justice, truth and right, are largely on the side of the PEACE policy.

One of the best arguments in favor of the Peace policy that we have seen, is from Father Wilbur, so-called, a Protestant missionary for the last 18 years in Washington Territory:

"I accepted the office of Superintendent of Instruction at Yakama Indian Agency in September, 1860. At that time there were no farms, no churches, no school-houses

worthy of the names. We organized working parties of Indian boys, broke in wild cattle to the yoke, and began teaching the Indians to plow. The Indians were as wild as the steers, and were as low down as humanity can get, having been long at war. The first year we raised enough grain and vegetables for seed and for the subsistence of the boarding-school.

"From these little beginnings we have grown into a self-supporting community, or nearly so. Some of the Indian boys were placed in the shops to learn trades. The Indian girls were taught house-keeping. We now have thirty-five miles of good, substantial post and board fence; 6,000 acres under cultivation, and have raised this year over 44,000 bushels of wheat. The Indians have 17,000 horses, 3,500 head of cattle, besides sheep, swine and other domestic animals.

"Nearly 400 families live in houses like white people. We have two churches with a membership of 500, two native preachers, who belong to the Columbia River Church. Over 3,000 of the 3,700 Indians wear citizen's dress. The blacksmith shop, the wagon shop, and the harness shops are all under the management of full-blooded Indians, who were ragged, worthless Indian boys, eighteen years ago. We have built, unaided by Congress, a steam saw-mill, capable of making 12,000 feet of lumber per day; a planing machine and shingle machine, all worked by Indians, who were wild, untamed savages a few years ago, with the exception of two, who are white men.

"The solution of the whole Indian question rests with Congress. *The Indian must be taught to labor.* He can be taught successfully, as I have demonstrated. I have had no serious troubles with my Indians. *Have never had use for a soldier. Don't want soldiers nearer them than the Rocky Mountains.* So long as you feed the Indian without labor, you will have to feed and fight him alternately. He must be taught to earn his own living. This is practicable. He must have teachers who are imbued with God from head to foot—men who can hold the plow handles or push a cross-cut saw; men who know how to work them-

selves, and are not above setting a working example. We can solve this problem in five years, if Congress will agree to it. *Work! Work!* Send working, God-fearing men to teach the Indians how to work, and the thing can be settled. I am not mistaken. Transferring the Indians to the army prolongs the settlement, gives us blood and carnage, demoralization and ruin. God be merciful to the helpless Indian."

In closing this series I wish to express my thanks to THE SHAKER MANIFESTO, for giving to the public a brief testimony in favor of the Indians, which will be more appreciated in the future, than can possibly be in the present.

HOW I FOUND A HAPPY PEACE.

JACOB S. KULP.

Every one seeks for happiness; but nearly every one seeks differently. Many there are who think happiness depends on wealth; but wealth, unaccompanied by peace of mind, is unhappiness. There is no happiness in passionate indulgences, nor but little pleasure—and pleasure is not always happiness. Unless blunted by sinfulness, conscience finds stings in such engagements outweighing the pleasure.

The angels sung on the first Christmas morn, "Peace on earth and good will;" and Jesus, on taking leave of His disciples, uttered, "My peace I leave with you." It is one of the promises of God to those who would be happy: "Their peace shall be like a river—a ceaseless flow of happiness."

By some, happiness is claimed as a myth—found only lettered in the dictionary. But my Christian experience causes me to affirm that it is possible of attainment, and now, in

this life. How? Follow Jesus in self-denial; love Him by keeping His commands; follow the Lamb's life, by abstaining from all ungodliness and worldly lusts. Our souls will bear us witness, and to all around us we will give evidence that we are happy because enjoying a Christian peace.

Consecration of time, talents, and our whole lives to God—to what God requires of us, ensampled by Christ's life—will yield a happy peace continually. To us this road to happiness is so simply taught that "the wayfaring man or woman, though a fool" to worldly wisdom, needs not err in finding it; and this by living the life of Christ, as did Jesus, free from guile, and in possession of a happiness the world can never give nor take away.

Pleasant Hill, Ky.

MANNA.

EMIL BRETZNER.

This subject is a very important one, and involves a great deal. Much of interest could be written about it from different points of view. There is first the word itself with its different meanings, one of which is the mere exclamation "what is it?" well expressive of the curiosity and astonishment of the people, when first beholding the white deposit on the desert wilds around them. The other meaning is that of something bestowed, or given, or else a portion, as the margin reads. In that sense it must have come from the hearts and lips of the more spiritually minded among them,

who had faith in the power of their God, and here saw the fulfillment of His promise to them through Moses. "It is the gift of the Lord, the portion He has given us for our support," they thought; and the simple word, with which they acknowledged their gratitude, was similar to that with which the others expressed their surprise, and perhaps even doubt, or scorn; it was manna.

Secondly, there is the historical point to consider. Did it happen at all? and if so, what was it? One class of minds easily dispose of the matter, at least to their own satisfaction, by simply answering the first question in the negative, which of course settles it all for them very comfortably. Others accept it partly as a true statement, but explain it as a merely natural occurrence. It was honey-dew, or one of the many kinds of saccharine gum that exude from different species of the vegetable kingdom in that and other parts of the world. That is all, and that satisfies them.

Still others go further, and see in it a manifestation of spirit power upon the natural elements. They are of two classes: First, the strictly orthodox, who accept all the bible statements as true, and consider them all as special acts of providence for special purposes, without reference to any law or principle, that we may inquire into and understand. They were miracles, and the Almighty wrought them by the power of His will. No matter what science and our reason may claim, we must not ask any question on that point, and so we had better leave it.

The other class are Spiritualists. They recognize the law of materialization in the production of manna, a grand manifestation on a large scale of the same power which now, in our modern séances, produces flowers or fruits, a glass of water or a piece of ice, a bit of ribbon or a shawl, a squirrel or a human form, living, breathing, and sometimes more full of power and energy, both of body and mind, than any of the spectators present. What is this law of materialization? I think it is a law of nature as much as any. I believe it is something like this: There is a seed of a certain plant. According to the common order of nature it would take a certain period of time for it to grow up, and develop its stem, its leaves, its blossom and fruit. Simple elements are gathered up from the atmosphere and the soil; chemical processes take place; new combinations are entered, varied according to the laws of the different species, and the thing is done in the course of time, without anybody wondering at it, unless it be some, who look below the surface. But when spiritual agencies, who are well acquainted with these laws, put them all in action at once, and thereby produce the same result in an instant, then we are apt to exclaim, 'tis a miracle, and so it is, but no more than the other was, only in the time required. Exactly the same natural laws are observed, only the process is hastened. It is the same with all physical manifestations. No laws are broken, but on the contrary, the grander and more astonishing the experiment is, the more perfectly and sacredly must the laws involved be ob-

served. And in this production of food for over a million of people, in these daily showers of manna in the wilderness for forty years, it must have been so, indeed.

Finally, there are some, among whom I would be happy to be numbered, who look upon this and other incidents in the history of the Jewish nation as beautiful types of the travel of the human soul and body from a selfish existence in nature to a resurrection life in Christ. To me they are true prophecies of what we all must do in the fullness of our time, when the call shall come to us to arise and make haste out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage to the sins and evils of the past, or to that portion of them which still lingers in the present. In this particular case of the manna of the Israelites, it may be a historical fact, or it may not; that makes no difference. It might have been, if it was not, for the principles involved are true, and are as consistent with and applicable to our conditions and circumstances, as they were to theirs. As a people we have come out from the world; we have crossed the dividing line of a generative life, and moved on for a season in short and prosperous journeys through the untrodden fields of virgin purity, a wilderness and a barren waste indeed to the natural mind; but this is not the end. It is only the beginning. In order to fulfill our calling, and be true to our relation to God and humanity, do we not need to pass through a radical change? Would it not be well to have a manna dispensation, first for forty years, then for ever? A dispensation

of plain, simple diet, suited to the virgin life, with nothing in its composition to mar the tender feelings even of an angel. No bloodshed and killing to remind of cruelty; no stimulants to kindle latent fires; no artificial coaxing to pamper depraved appetites; nothing to tempt to sin. Some one thing at each meal, prepared and partaken of in the gift of God, is enough; and a thousand more, added without that gift, make only a thousandfold curse. This pleading for different tastes is wrong; they are abnormal, either the results of our own transgressions, or else the sad heirlooms of preceding generations, whose sins are visited upon their children. Other animals, in their natural state, have no such tastes; those of the same kind feed alike, and enjoy their food alike, as human animals ought to do. One deer in a flock does not pick out a certain kind of grass, and his fellow another; why should human beings, if they were not further away from the truth than the lower animals are in that respect? Blessed be the woman, for no man can do it alone, however much he may feel about and urge the matter, who will take the bold step truthward and Godward, and redeem the kitchen and the table from the sins there committed, as our first Mother redeemed the bed from its defilement. Then disease and suffering will flee from our borders, and every sad heart will leap for joy, when hearing the glad voices of them that truthfully sing the blended songs of Moses and of the Lamb—the union of physical and spiritual righteousness—the mingled boon of manna below and manna above.

Editorial.

"OUGHT I TO BE A SHAKER?"

"To be, or not to be" a Shaker; "that is the question." It is a soul matter; answered only by "my soul and I"—nothing compulsory, nor urgent in it, until conscience demands an answer. To the casual reader, the question is a ludicrous one; but a little reflection will persuade many to accept, as only its simple synonym, the precious, serious, oftener-asked soliloquy: "*Ought I to be a Christian?*" As either question is answered, the results in life will be the same. Yet to the vast majority, there appears, but it is only apparent, an extensive difference between the questions. "To be," as was Jesus, the Christ, is the soul answer to these queries. Not merely to think, nor believe; neither appear nor assent only; but *to be* what conscience and our profession dictate we should be. To the cursory question "*Ought I to be a Shaker?*" we would unhesitatingly reply: "Nay." To the individual who has reflected upon the subject—who has counted the cost, and is prompted by conscience to attempt it, we as quickly say "Courage, brother." Will the reader recall the fact, that Jesus was called a *Nazarene*, out of reproach? And that out from Nazareth came the adored, first Christian sample? Will the reader also remember that "*Shaker*" was intended as an opprobrious epithet? yet it only signifies one who aims to live primitive, radical Christianity, with all the *progressive* sentiments of the age added thereto.

Do you admire a Christian life,

judged by the true criterion—the life of Christ? Then you ought to be a Shaker. And you will be a Shaker, or lose your admiration for the Christ life. Do you find satisfaction in worldly pleasures, either good or bad, which are not reflected from the goodly life-pattern? you ought not to be a Shaker. Do you wish to marry? do so; and this decides you are not ready nor able to live as Christ lived, and ought not to be a Shaker.

Others, before you, have been excused from being Christians, because they had married their husbands or wives, and therefore, "could not come" and be a Shaker. "To forsake all else, and follow Christ," is the affirmative answer to the question heading this article. The Christian profession is very distinct from the idioms of nomenclature; and regardless of the various terms of the religious professions, "*to be a Christian*" only means, *to follow Christ, to live like Christ*. To any who finds a repugnance in the term "*Shaker*," all unpleasantness ceases, when eliminating the unpleasant term, from the very Christian practice of all true Shakers. Therefore, we ask none to answer in the affirmative—that they ought to be a Shaker—whose admiration for Christian principles is dimmed because of an uneuphonious adjective. Once, and not many centuries since, "*Christian*" was a term of reproach; and those who dared to "despise the shame" of bearing it, would suffer death, and contumely worse than death, because they thus dared. "*To be a Shaker, or to be a Christian*," is simply summed up thus: 1. A VIRGIN CELIBACY OF LIFE; none, however, *ought to be thus*,

but those fully persuaded that it is a very Christian practice. 2d. COMMUNITY OF GOODS; but none should be so Christian and unselfish, as to "part their goods" with others, until thoroughly convinced that Christ's life teaches this rule. 3d. PEACEABLE; but it is useless to ask any to be thus, who marry and hold private possessions; but is it a Christian requisite? that is the question. 4th. UNWORLDLINESS; free from the good and bad pleasures of every name and nature, which introduce any obstacle to the three first mentioned. Go to your closet, kind reader, compare Shakerism with genuine, radical Christianity, and then ask and answer, "*Ought I to be a Shaker?*" ☆

MORTAL QUESTIONS—SPIRIT ANSWERS.

A few weeks ago, we were invited by Dr. J. V. Mansfield, to enter upon the very pleasant task of making another test of his remarkable mediumship. We needed not to test him, that we might personally *fully believe* in the truthfulness of his valuable gift of giving ready, satisfactory answers from the world of spirits to questions secluded by deepest tests of concealment. The Dr. *guarantees no answer*, but he is moved by impressions to write what the spirits give him to write. Sometimes he gets no answers, even after renewed sittings for the purpose.

We wrote very finely, upon a half-sheet of note, *ten* questions. We folded up our note, fastening the edges very securely, and when fully folded, doubled the roll, and wrote *across the edges* of the double fold, fastening the same by a small pin, gummed in, and thoroughly secured and marked. This we placed in a small, white envelope; and then put both into an envelope, chemically prepared, that would immediately indicate moisture or steam. These we again enveloped, writing *across the edges* of the

securely-closed *third* envelope. Placing these into a large *fourth* envelope, we sent the package to the Dr. on the 11th of February, and received from him the following answers on the 13th, or next day. We live 160 miles from New York, and yet, regardless of postal delays, received our answers in less than twenty-four hours, with not the least indication of any disturbance of our package, as witnessed by several. We would say to those desirous of testing the wonderful powers of the Dr. that they should address some spirit by *the full name*, and sign their *own full name*. These may be deeply imbedded and obscured, and if there is an answer for the parties so addressing, it will be forthcoming. See adv. for the Dr.'s terms; which, considering how much he has *freely and charitably* done, is not a money-making occupation—being only four and a half cents per sitting, since the development of his gift. These were the tests:

DAVID HAWKINS,

My Spiritual Friend and Father:—Invited by Dr. Mansfield to make some good, thorough tests of his mediumship, I would ask of you some questions lying nearest my heart's ambition, hoping for comforting replies.

Ques. 1. Are you in the possession of enjoyments equal to the promises made you, by your Shaker preceptors, when on earth?

2. Had you your life to live over, would you live the same Shaker life, and are its rewards in spirit life, good pay?

3. Do you, and companions in spirit, take an interest in THE SHAKER MANIFESTO, and to what extent?

4. What is the will of the Shaker spirits concerning its continuance?

5. What are its effects upon those in spirit life, as well as earth life?

6. Are the Shakers of the spirit world pleased with its present methods of conducting the evangelical campaign?

7. What would be the effects of its discontinuance?

8. Do the "signs of the times" look more hopeful, religiously, to you and companions, than to us in earth-life?

9. How near is your location of habitation to ours? and

10. What is your greatest anxiety concerning us?

THE RESPONSE.

My Dear Geo. Albert:—Yours of the 11th is before me, for which loving and respectful remembrance you have my soul

thanks. Much as I am with you from day to day, I had not anticipated this free and uninterrupted talk, only regretting my control is limited, from want of strength to communicate more fully.

I was attending a meeting of our people, when the presiding elder announced the arrival of a messenger from other spheres, saying, "David Hawkins is wanted to speak with those on earth!" I immediately responded to the call, and to my great delight, learned it was my dear Geo. Albert that would speak with me. Well, to your questions, lest time passes, and my control breaks before I can notice all your queries.

Ans. 1. Yea, Geo. Albert, a thousand times more so! the enjoyment—the beauties of my mansion in the spirit world, no spirit could describe it, nor even give an approximate idea of its loveliness and beauty.

Ans. 2. Most assuredly I would. Had I ten thousands of lives to live, I would live the Shaker life. I am aware all are not constituted to be Shakers on the earth, but among all the sects I have met in the land of souls, the Shakers are the most happy. The Shaker's rewards are a hundred fold on earth—I mean *true Shakers*—and a million fold in this world of spirits! Yea, Geo. Albert, "*it does pay*."

Ans. 3. We do. It was spoken of in our meeting *to-day*, as you measure time. Richard Bushnell, George H. Evans, Betsy Bates, Wm. Offord, Eliza Barbour, Wm. Doolittle, Thos. Rayson and myself were discussing the matter, as to how its borders could be extended, that the starving minds, now ripe and hungry for Shaker teachings, might have the desire of their souls.

Ans. 4. I will go and put this question to the meeting, and then give you the results: Those that are in favor of its continuance *are the entire meeting*, some of whom I will enumerate, and you will recognize: Richard Bushnell, Josiah Bangs, Thos. Rayson, Gordon Horton, Polly Turney, Caleb M. Dyer, John Holt, Wm. Doolittle, Anna Smith, Philemon Stewart, Daniel Brainard, Eunice Hastings, Wm. Offord, Melissa Soule, Ellen Rayson, Sarah Turner, Ruth A. Green, Persis Stebbins, Sarah Ann Lewis, Betsy Bates,

Robert White, Eliza Barbour, Isaac N. Youngs, Jas. M. King (converted in spirit life), Benj. Moorhouse, Barnabas Hinckley, Abel Knight, Polly Lawrence, Louisa Smith, Celia Saunders, and a host of others I have not time to enumerate—but their voices are unanimous for its continuance.

Ans. 5. The effects are extensive and most blessed.

Ans. 6. They are; and why should they not be—so long as *they* have the sole management of it—so give credit to where it belongs. *You are their mouth-piece*, or funnel; through you they pour out the glad tidings of great joy to the people.

Ans. 7. To discontinue its publication would prove disastrous to our fraternity, to an alarming extent; and we hope such a thought never was, nor will be, seriously entertained.

Ans. 8. The signs of the times are indeed hopeful; sectarian bigotry is giving place to free thought, and where this abounds, Shakerism will thrive, and hold its own among all the *isms* of the day.

Ans. 9. The spirit world is just around that which you inhabit—in other words, you live in the spirit world to-day, as much so as though you were with me; the difference only is, we see through spiritual eyes—there is no space nor distance between us *now*.

Ans. 10. Our greatest anxiety is, lest you become discouraged at the slowness of the progress of Shakerism; but say to all the Societies: "*Look aloft, and read the signs of the times in golden letters on the sky!* SHAKERISM IS APPROVED OF GOD AND THE ANGELS—THE BRIGHTEST OF WHICH IS OUR DEAR MOTHER ANN!"

DAVID HAWKINS.

To G. A. Lomas.

[We will only add, we are left without the shadow of a doubt of the genuineness of the communication, and are equally happy and grateful for such soul-satisfying replies.

THE EDITOR.

We wonder if any grown-up children ever experience the thoughts of the little boy who had two pennies given him—one for candy, and one for the missionary-box—who, on losing *one*, immediately concluded that *was the one intended for the spread of the gospel!*

NOTES.

100.

With this issue of *THE MANIFESTO* we complete our round number of an hundred. To those who have filed copies of all the volumes, it will be seen that we have held our own ground persistently, and how successfully. We aim, simply, through our pages, the illustration of the plain, undraped purity and unselfishness of genuine Christian life. Let none think that we hold a bigoted position in this; for, being human like the rest of our fellows—having the same perversities and deficiencies to deal with religiously—we feel the power of the Christian's cross, to cut us off from the world and its pleasures, however inviting and pleasing to the senses; yet are repaid, and more, by an elevated dominion over self and the world. We would not urge upon *all* the full cross of the Christian, knowing, full well, how unable many are to endure it; but in this crowning, hundredth number, would call the special attention of believers and lovers of Christ to that question, treated upon elsewhere, which has come up for consideration with many, and may with thousands more: "*Ought I to be a Shaker.*"

GOD'S ACRES.—Not grave-yards; not burying-places, but *raising acres* for God and the cause of God in the world. Let not the dead alone rest in our "*God's Acre*;" let there be reared for God, and the extension of God's cause, acres of consecrated corn or wheat, or potatoes, or flowers, or other merchandise. If we had a very superior friend, to whom we would present an acre of crops, we would present the best acre we had. Grave-yards are called "*God's Acres*;" but there is little they produce for God. Let us have a *living acre*, and growing acre, that we may present unto the Lord's cause. It was no uncommon thing of old, to present an ox, or oxen and sheep, by way of sacrifice to the Lord. In behalf of *THE SHAKER MANIFESTO*, we will accept and devote to the cause of God, the income of the best *living, growing "God's Acre*;" or the fatted ox, or even the value of a good

horse—all for the Cause, credited to *God's Acres*.

THE MUDDLED MINISTERS.—A large number of ministers recently congregated at Syracuse, N. Y., to take active, positive, forcible measures for the ejectionment from our State of what they *may* honestly believe to be a very corrupt institution. Forgetful of the old-time adage, "*Physician, heal thyself,*" they could see corruption in every direction *from* them, better than they *would* see it in themselves. They debated the question with much learning and ability, and closed each individual-effort with pious rolling of their eyes, as they "*would* to God he would wipe out the foul blot." We join these ministers, in all sincerity, in desiring *all* foul blots erased from human lives; but we would ask them and ourselves to begin the work of such erasures, not at Oneida, but with ourselves, themselves and our congregations. Remember, reverend gentlemen, that you take an unchristian part in joining man and woman in the unchristian but only civil contracts of marriage. That behind that certificate sanctioned by you, lies the *legality* of men or women, or both, of living the most sensual lives in sexuality—in libertinism or prostitution if they please—while there is nothing in the law nor your churches to hear appeals therefrom, neither to prevent the abuses of married life, nor to wipe out millions of such *foul blots*! How lax the laws of that country must be which does not punish fornication nor adultery! Reverend gentlemen, the object of marriage is for the regulated reproduction of population alone; do *you* use it for aught else? Then begin right here, and "*wipe out a foul blot,*" and be very still until it is erased. Oh, could the cries of women be heard, in their appeals from soul and body environments of the lusts of their husbands—their masters—what a tale would then unfold! Judging from the best light we have, there are many things worse than midnight murders enacted behind the certificates legalizing such acts, and sold by these same Revs., who roll pious-looking eyes in holy horror upon Oneida. We are not championing complex marriage, but we have made the most

searching investigations into the mysteries of Oneida complexity of life, and while it is far from Shakerism, it is, we truthfully believe, vastly purer than some of the most respectable marriages of to-day. Justice alone demands this of us.

Now, while these Reverends were legislating, let us see what the Communists were quietly determining upon. "If our manner of life is illegal, or if laws are in future enacted that make it illegal, then we can and will change it, and live as the Shakers do!" Presto! And with these statements staring those muddled Revs. in the face, we mentally see them, in what Webster calls a "Mare's nest;" and while extending them sympathy in their ludicrous predicament, we welcome Oneida, and these Rev. Meddlers also, upon the simple platform of Shakerism. But we will not give any, full assurance of no further disturbance; for a whilom, very popular paper of N. Y. city—"The Illustrated New Yorker"—not very long ago got muddled, like some recent Revs., and urging that "*while the foul blot of Mormonism should be immediately wiped out because they married so much, the Shakers also should be as effectually squelched because they did not marry at all!*" and amid all of these bemuddled muddlers, we close comments with the advice: choose your God, and accept the fates that God imposes.

MISTAKES NEEDING CORRECTION.—Elsewhere, we give proofs of Dr. Mansfield's powers of mediumship. We therein also allude, that he has charitably donated himself so much for those unable to pay, as to make his gift any thing but a paying one. The Dr. is not able to meet such draughts upon his time and strength without payment. We solicited his advertisement, knowing of his genuineness; *he pays us fully therefor*; and we hope none of our friends will trespass upon him by begging or sponging replies to sealed letters. We are made aware that this has been done, since we inserted his advertisement, by five or six persons, and our advice is sought. While we hope none will do so more, we hope, also, soon to hear that those who have made the mistake by doing so, have honorably made amends therefor.

Society Record.

DRIED SWEET CORN, which has been a staple to be relied upon by the Shakers for more than fifty years, as a well-paying, merchantable article, has become almost a dead article of sale, because of an over-production of inferior qualities, as well as great quantities of the good article being thrown on the market by competitors, outside of Shakerdom. Present prospects indicate that but little of the genuine article will be manufactured in future years by our people. The price of *Dried Corn*, as we remember it thirty years ago, was governed by the price of flour; and it was rulable to make *one* barrel of sweet corn buy *two* barrels of flour. Then it was considered a *good* business, but not very enriching. Now, a barrel of sweet corn will only buy *one* barrel of flour, and our people will have to depend on other industries.

The business was started in 1838, at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. It was cooked by boiling on the cob, in a large iron kettle; taken from thence, cut off with knives, and dried in the sun, on boards. In 1840 the first dry-house was erected, having runways extending out from it, for large platforms on wheels to pass in and out, thus more easily caring for the corn, exposing it to the sun, and preserving it from the rains, or dews by night. On these platforms the corn was spread very thinly, and raked at intervals to let the warm air percolate every kernel. It was a slow, tedious process, the desiccation finding great impediments in the fall of the year by cold, cloudy days—perhaps several rainy days in succession. Then, the whole "batch" would sour; extra help would be added to stir it more frequently; and when the sun did favor it with his rays, and a slight breeze would blow, the entire settlement would be "regaled" with a hope, at least, that the corn would be saved, because of the extensive, unpleasant, very sour smell departing the corn, in the atmosphere. Better times were in store for its manufacture, and we will let the *Chatham Courier* introduce them:

"The drying of corn for the market has for years been one of the principal indus-

tries carried on by this busy people. Only a small portion of the corn is grown upon the farms belonging to the community, but contracts are made with farmers throughout the town, who deliver the husked corn at prices ranging from sixteen to twenty dollars a ton, and nearly all the families are busied in taking care of it during a portion of August and September. The establishment at the "Second Family" is perhaps as extensive as any. Here Clinton Brainard—most genial and gentlemanly of Shakers—presides, and has reduced the work to a method which seems absolute perfection. Work begins very early in the morning, for the ten-hour plan does not obtain here just at this time. The farmer drives his load of husked corn, carefully covered from dust and sun, upon the platform scales, is weighed, then passes into a building where ready hands pick the ears into small square baskets. They receive none but perfect ears, excluding all less than four inches in length. If an ear is too mature, it is used for seed. If any be too small, or mouldy, or otherwise exceptionable, the farmer must take home a lunch for his porkers. The baskets of corn are closely packed upon an elevator, to the extent of nearly a ton, a rope is pulled, and the engine in the basement lowers them into a steam-box, where they are subjected to about six minutes of rather intense cooking. This accomplished, a bell rings, and they rise, pass the first floor, steaming from their bath, to the second floor, where they are removed from the platform, which returns to repeat its office. The second floor is devoted to removing the corn from the cob. Here are three machines operated by steam, each capable of removing the corn from forty-five ears per minute. The machines are fed directly from the baskets, while the cobs shoot through an inclined tube into the carts, and are drawn away. The machines seem to belong to the workingman's party, inasmuch as they will not work—sometimes. They are a new and novel invention, which does not seem to be quite perfected as yet. Quite as interesting, if less rapid, are the movements of some comely Shaker girls, who, in an adjoining room, by the aid of a pe-

culiar series of fixed knives, and the deftest of white hands, make the machine seem rather inferior after all. The corn falls into larger baskets, which are placed upon a car, and then rolled along a track which connects, by means of a long bridge, the building we have just left with the kiln. The corn is then placed in long shallow pans, and subjected to an even heat from the roaring furnaces below. In this manner two kilns full are dried in twenty-four hours. The dried corn is then passed through a mill which winnows from it every particle of silk or husk which may be with it, and placed in a large bin. A tube passes from this to the lower story. A barrel is placed on the scales, a slide pulled to a certain weight. It is then headed, marked, and is ready for shipment. In this manner they expect to fill twelve hundred barrels this season. They also put up a fine shelf package for grocers' retail trade. Every step is surprisingly neat, and, unlike many establishments, seeing the preparation actually gives one a relish for the thing prepared.

DEATHS.

At South Union, Ky., Feb. 10, Henry Watmaugh, aged 84 years.

At Union Village, O., Feb. 15, Elder Aaron Babbitt, aged 80 years.

"For many years a leading member, occupying for years in the bishopric of the Ohio diocese. He was a good and wise man."

W. R.

Also, Feb. 23, while yet in the prime of life, the beautiful spirit of Eldress Elizabeth Farr, of the ministry of Union Village, O., took its departure, aged 58. Her loss is deeply deplored by all, and our Western Societies have the most genuine sympathy of all Eastern believers.

At Canaan, N. Y., Feb. 26, Laura Goodwin, aged 16.

TO THOSE "LIBERALLY INCLINED."—The office of THE SHAKER MANIFESTO returns its sincere gratitude to those who have so kindly responded to the call of our publisher in March number. This is putting yourselves in our place very appreciatively and acceptably.—Ed.

The Children's Grotto.

BEING KIND TO ANIMALS.—The Chinese are always kind to animals, and never punish; hence, a mule, that, in the hands of a foreigner, would be not only useless but dangerous to every one about it, becomes, in the possession of a Chinaman, as quiet as a lamb and as tractable as a dog. We never beheld a runaway, a jibing, or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment; but found the same rattling cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads by means of a *turr-r* or *cluck-k* the beast turning to the right or left, and stopping, with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into their service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy to lead one of the flock in front; the others steadily followed, without the aid either from a yelping cur or cruel goad. Cattle, pigs and birds are equally cared for.—[*Travels on Horseback.*]

"SOMEBODY ELSE."—A lady was walking quietly along the city street, not long ago, when the door of a house flew open, and a boy shot out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement he danced a sort of double shuffle all around a curbstone, and then raced down the street in great haste, for it was evident by the books under his arm he was going to school. The lady was thinking what thoughtless, noisy creatures healthy boys always are, when just a few yards before her she saw something yellow lying on the stones. Coming nearer she fancied it was a pine shaving, and looked after the boy again. She saw him suddenly stop short in a crowd of people at a crossing, and come back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the shaving he did, and picked up—not a shaving at all—but a long, slimy banana-skin. Flinging it into a refuse barrel, he only waited long enough to say, "Somebody might have slipped on it," and was off again.

It was a little thing to do; but that one glance of the boy's clear, gray eyes, and this simple, earnest sentence, made the lady's heart very warm toward the noisy fellow. He had not slipped himself; he was far past the danger, and when one is in a hurry, it is a great bother to go twice over the same ground; but the "somebody else" might slip, and so for the sake of this unknown somebody the hurrying boy came back, and it may be saved the life or limbs of a feeble old man or a tender little child. He might have said, "I can't wait to go back. It is none of my doing, and so it is none of my business;" but he *made* it his business, and in this showed a trait of character which promised well for the future. There is nothing nobler on earth than this taking care that "somebody else" shall not suffer needlessly. The child who grows up with such a spirit always active in him may make his home like a heaven upon earth, and he will never know what it is to be unloved or friendless.—[*Christian Secretary.*]

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.—A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

What is it they ought to know, then?

First. To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth any thing that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet and be true and genuine in intention and in action, rather than being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

Second. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague-spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry "Unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

Third. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comfort of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

Fourth. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich—he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four, properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.—[*Home Arts.*]

GOD KNOWETH BEST.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,

And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,

God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,

Because His wisdom to the end could see.

And even as prudent parents disallow

Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,

We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine

Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,

Where human kisses cannot reach his face,

Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath

Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,

And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,

We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!

God's plans, like lilies, pure and white,
unfold.

We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;

Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land

Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,

When we shall clearly know and understand,

I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

MEN WANTED.

It has been truly said that the great want of the age is men. Men who are honest to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe—in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole, men who will stand for right, if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eyes. Men who neither swagger nor flinch. Men who have courage without whistling for it, and joy without shouting to bring it. Men through whom the current of everlasting life runs still, and deep and strong. Men too large for sectarian limits, and too strong for sectarian bonds. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their duty and do it. Men who know their place and fill it. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie, who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. When such men as these will fill places of trust and responsibility, we shall have a Christian civilization, the highest, the best the world ever saw.

[*Farm and Fireside.*]

Home Topics.

A GOOD TEST OF THE PURITY OF MILK.—

A German paper gives a test for watered milk which is simplicity itself. A well-polished knitting-needle is to be dipped into a deep vessel of milk, and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the milk is pure, some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.

LOOK AFTER THE CELLARS.—Many farmers use the cellars under their dwellings as a place to stow their root-crops, especially potatoes, beets, turnips, celery, and even cabbage, which is not a root. It is convenient to do so where there is no barn-cellar or where these vegetables are not buried upon the premises. But it is a practice not to be recommended, except the best care is taken to keep the cellar clean and well-ventilated. Every day at about noon, when the weather will admit of it, the outer door should be opened for an hour or so, and even when the weather is extremely cold the door should for that length of time be partly opened. The refuse of vegetables also should be daily removed and not left to evolve a deleterious gas as soon as the temperature shall rise sufficiently to act upon it. The most danger is in the spring, when the mildness of the weather outside finds its way into the cellar, and operates, if the cellar is not ventilated freely, in producing decomposition in some degree. There is nothing that tends more directly to produce the most deadly fevers than filthy cellars. The poisonous gases permeate the whole house. And yet how frequently do we see cellars left untouched, with all their heaps of vegetable refuse, until April and even May? We hope this word of warning will not fall on unwilling ears.—*German town Telegraph.*

TO PURIFY OIL.—To make the oil pure, take a good sized bullet or other piece of lead which has a thick coating of lead rust, cut it up fine, put it into the oil, and let it stand for two weeks. This causes the acid

to settle, and it then resembles milk at the bottom. Now pour off the top, and your oil is pure. Common clock oil can be treated in this manner and made better than some watch oil.

LEMON PIE.—One grated lemon, two and one-half cups of boiling water, one-half cup of cold water, one and one-half cups of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and butter the size of an egg. Put the cornstarch in the cold water and stir in the boiling water. This makes two pies. Bake with under-crust. Beat the whites of three eggs for frosting.

SIMPLE METHOD OF LEVELING.—An exceedingly simple method of obtaining levels is described in *The Manufacturer and Builder*. At each of two stations, perhaps a hundred feet apart, a pole is driven into the ground. To each pole, near the top, a glass tube is tied. The lower ends of the glass tubes are then connected with each other by means of a sufficiently long piece of india-rubber tubing. Water is to be poured into one of the glass tubes till it fills the tubing and part of the tubes; it will rise to the same level, of course, in both tubes, and the record of this height can be marked on the poles alongside. The method is capable of surprising accuracy, and will serve where obstacles to vision intervene between the stations.

THOUGHTS FOR TO-DAY.

EYES TO SEE GOD.—Augustine mentions a heathen once saying to him, as he pointed to the sun, to his idol gods, and various objects about him, "Here are my gods, where is thine?" Augustine answered, "I show you not my God, not because I have not one to show, but because you have not eyes with which to see Him."

CHRIST IS COMING.—Frances E. Willard exclaims: "Truly, Christ is coming, coming all the time, like sunrise from the east, or summer from the south, or heaven to hearts that love and look for His appearing. Happy are they who help to hasten, by a little, even, the day when He shall reign King of nations as He now reigns

King of saints!" To all of which we say, Amen.

KEEP GOOD.—It is an easier matter to begin to do good than to continue therein; and the reason is, there is not so much of a Christian's cross in the beginning of a work as there is in a continual, hearty, conscientious practice thereof. Apples and flowers are not made by the gardener, but are an effect of the planting and the watering. A life full of good works is the only way on thy part to answer the mercy of God extended to thee. The heart that is fullest of good works hath in it least room for Satan's temptation. Every promise in the Bible is thine to strengthen, quicken and encourage thy heart.—*John Bunyan.*

THE WISE MAN AND THE SERPENT.—A wise man one day asked the serpent, "Of what advantage is it to thee to deprive men of life? The lion kills and devours his prey. The tiger, the wolf, and other fierce beasts do the same, in order to satisfy their hunger; but thou bitest thine innocent victims, and sheddest mortal poison into their veins, without reaping any benefit from their death, save the cruel satisfaction of destroying."

"Why asketh thou *me* this question?" rejoined the reptile. "Ask rather the slanderer amongst thine own race, what pleasure he finds in poisoning unto death those who have never injured him."

JUSTICE.—Says A. Bronson Alcott, in his "Concord Days:" "Let the sexes be held to like purity of morals, and equal justice be meted out to them for any infraction of the laws of social order. Women are the natural leaders of society in whatever concerns private morals; lead where it were safe for man to follow. About the like number of men, doubtless, possess gifts to serve the country at large; while most women, as most men, will remain private citizens, fulfilling private duties. Her vote as such will tell for personal purity, for honor, justice, temperance, mercy, peace—the domestic virtues upon which communities are founded, and to which they must be firmly rooted to endure. The unfallen souls are feminine."

Agricultural.

OLD Cato, the Roman Senator, was not only a Senator, a true republican, but also a farmer. He wrote a book upon farming. "Our ancestors," said Cato, "regarded it as a grand point of husbandry not to have too much land in one farm, for they considered that more benefit came by holding little and tilling it well." Virgil says, and this was after the empire had begun: "The farmer may praise large estates, but let him cultivate a small one." And Curtius, the Roman orator, went so far as to say: "He was not to be counted a good citizen, but rather a dangerous man to the State, who could not content himself with seven acres of land."

THE farmer who keeps all the stock his farm will safely carry, and "feeds them fat," soon has fat acres, even if they were not originally so, from the manure returned to the soil. And the fatter the cattle are made the better the soil will become. So fat cattle make fat farmers.

THE Mexicans have a method of subduing fractious horses and such as are inclined to run away, which might be introduced here with profit. A hood or winker is so arranged that the driver or rider can in an instant draw it directly over the eyes of the animal, effectually blindfolding him. When this is done the horse instantly becomes quiet, and a repetition of the blindfolding two or three times gradually results in his becoming permanently quiet and docile. Such an arrangement would be a valuable appendage to the headgear of such horses as are disposed to run away.

THE London Omnibus Company, which ten years ago fed their horses principally with oats and beans, with hay, now feed almost exclusively on Indian corn and hay.

PUT a little sulphur in the salt for sheep, not enough to make the mess distasteful to them, and you will drive away ticks. The best time to give it is immediately after shearing, then the ticks will drop from the wool easily. In winter if the hens can be with the sheep they will pick off the ticks when they come to the surface of the wool.

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Let the farmers try sulphur and leave tobacco to the tobacco worm and its human companions.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—Here is a useful table of weights and measures as recognized by the United States:

<i>Bush.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>Bush.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>
Apples, dried..	24	Peas	60
Barley	60	" ground	20
Beans, Castor	46	Plastering hair...	8
" white.....	60	Potatoes, Irish...	60
Bran	20	" sweet	55
Buckwheat	52	Rye	50
Corn, shelled	56	Salt	65
" in the ear..	70	Seed, blue grass..	44
" meal.....	48	" clover.....	60
Lime, unslacked..	30	" flax	56
Malt	39	" hemp	40
Oats	32	" H'ng'ry grass	54
Peaches, dried...	33	" millet	50
Peanuts, African.	32	" Timothy.....	45
" Tenn'se	28	Turnips	55
" Virginia, 29		Wheat	60

Twenty-five per cent gain in stock is derived from giving them good shelter.

Harnesses should never be kept in the stables where manure is constantly generating large quantities of ammonia. This ammonia is rapidly absorbed by the leather, and the effect upon the leather is about the same as would result from saturating it with strong lye. In a word, ammonia rots leather, and hence, keeping a harness in the stable is sure to result in its damage, more or less.

Book Table.

RELIGIOUSLY SPEAKING, we do not like lawyers; and yet, as a necessary evil, like doctors—whom we are afraid of—we are forced to respect "Great Lawyers," particularly when we are so fortunate as to stumble upon an *Honest* attorney. Our father was a lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., and this opinion of legal lights may seem like filial ingratitude; but we own to strong liking for lawyer "stories;" and in a book published by *The Law Journal* of Albany, N. Y., entitled "SHORT STUDIES OF GREAT LAWYERS," we found a delightful and very instructive volume. The book is richly interspersed with anecdotes, amid much valuable informa-

tion concerning legal subjects. Were we a lawyer, we should want this book on the shelf close by the *Codes*, and would frequently "make a mistake on purpose," by selecting and reading law in "*Short Studies*," rather than in the blue atmosphere of the more intricate *Blackstone*. The price is \$2.00.

CHRIST'S FIRST AND SECOND APPEARING: SHAKER MANIFESTO, Shakers, N. Y., Publisher. Just at this time when so many books are being issued upon *The Second Coming*, seems to us an excellent opportunity for calling attention to the above standard work of THE SHAKERS. It is a most replete work upon the subject, and by far the most elaborate work ever issued by our people. Read as a history of the rise and fall of *isms*, or as the chronicler of the events of *Christ's Appearings*, it will be found unequaled in its line. It is a large octavo volume, bound in leather, containing more than 600 pages of theology, history and biography, and sent post-paid from this office for \$1.50.

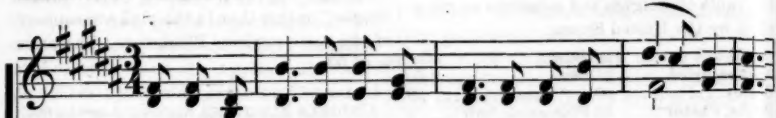
EXEMPTION FROM EPIDEMICS.

In case of the London small-pox epidemic the remarkable fact has been noticed that only one case of this frightful disease has engaged the attention of the medical officer of the Jewish Board of Guardians. The same exemption from epidemic diseases has been noticed among the Jews in all countries, and is attributed to their mode of living. It is an interesting question, in a sanitary point of view, to what extent mortality from such diseases may be limited to pork eaters. Bilious disease is largely attributable, it is well known, to the use of pork. But the Jews not only reject pork from their dietary, but they also, under their religious laws, exercise extraordinary care to secure the meat of animals that are in a perfectly sound and healthy condition when killed. In our markets, for instance, they deal only with certain butchers, who provide them with meat from animals selected and killed under the conditions of Jewish rules.

LIFE'S UNFOLDMENT.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

MOUNT LEBANON, N. Y.



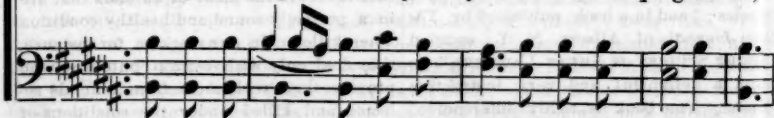
1. Not all a dream, a passing dream, Is life's unfoldment here;
2. Behold a silent work goes on, In nature's vast expanse;
3. Who clothes the lillies of the field? And marks the planets' course?
4. O, what a glorious des - ti - ny, Awaits the hu - man soul!



Earth's brightest glories are but gleams, From out the inner sphere.
Where germs upspring in beauteous forms, By law, and not by chance;
Makes earth a fruitful har - vest yield? Renews each secret force?
Be - yond a brief mor - tal - i - ty, Where higher powers control.

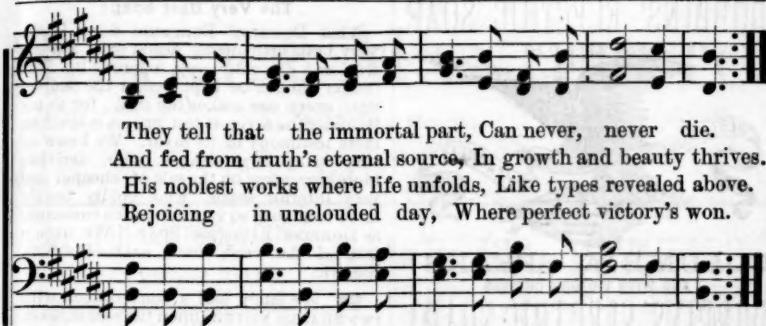


What hopes and longings fill the heart, And lift the mind on high—
'Tis thus the spir - it's la - tent force, In ceaseless action strives,
That same cre - ative power, be-holds With tenderness and love,
And step by step, a starry way Will mark its progress on;



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They tell that the immortal part, Can never, never die.
And fed from truth's eternal source, In growth and beauty thrives.
His noblest works where life unfolds, Like types revealed above.
Rejoicing in unclouded day, Where perfect victory's won.

PREACHING AND PRACTICING.

"Forgive, forget," with fond regret
We say to one another;
The words we speak, and yet we wreak
Our vengeance t'ward a brother.
Vain is our speech, if each to each
The practice shames the preaching;
And toward our kind our hearts are blind,
No friendly hand outreaching.

So easy 'tis to utter this,
So hard to practice, uttered;
The angel kind that moves the mind
His snowy wings has fluttered,
With grieving eyes has sought the skies
While yet our hearts are waiting,
And all our chance of good is lost
While we are hesitating.

Oh gentle Leech! the what you preach
Yourself must practice kindly,
Nor point the way and lead astray
Your weaker brother blindly.
By loving deeds our human needs
Are filled direct from heaven;
And every heart should share a part
Of this most precious leaven.
Forgive! forget! if the regret
Follow the harsh word spoken,
Nor with a sneer receive the tear
Which tells the spirit broken.
Our God is love, and from above
He shall look down benignly.
To err is humanly to do,
And to forgive, divinely.

LIKE ANGELS.

Mother Ann Lee used to say her children should "pass and re-pass each other like angels," and although leaving us to imagine the love, joy and peace engaged in by the pure of the other world, yet we feel through our imaginations a grand example from them.

Swedenborg speaks thus of the method that angels treat all with whom they come in contact: "I know that a vast mass of the un comforts of life depends upon the tendency to *criticise* rather than to *excuse* or *commend things which*, in one view or another, deserve the latter as much as the former. We may well remember Hamlet: 'If we all had our deserts, who would escape a whipping?'"

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

A man who has always been a close observer says, the religion we want is that which banishes small measures from the tradesman's counter, pebbles from cotton bags, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, alum from bread, and water from milk cans. The religion which is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the little ones at the bottom. It will not make one-half a pair of shoes of good leather and the other half of shoddy, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves; nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop; nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end at eleven and three-quarters. It does not put bricks at \$5 a thousand into chimneys it contracts to build with \$7 material, nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP

IS THE



COLUMBIA SPEAKS!

AND WITH VICTORY CROWNS

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP!

Messrs. I. L. CRAGIN & CO., Phila.,

Were awarded by the Centennial Judges

THE DIPLOMA OF HONOR,
THE MEDAL OF MERIT, and
HONORABLE MENTION,

AS MAKING THE

Best Soap in the United States.

HEAR ALL PEOPLE!

This award coincides with the judgment of millions all over the country, and is really a victory over the WHOLE WORLD!

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world-renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE SHAKER regarding their Soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the Soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their *honest opinion* of it for publication in THE SHAKER MANIFESTO.

Being assured that the following is very true, we copy again:

Mrs. Frank Grace, of Scio, O., bought a box of Dobbins' Electric and induced some of her neighbors to send and get a few bars of the same for trial. "All who tried it are enthusiastic with its merits. The chief laundress of the town, a colored lady, cannot say half enough in its praise. Report has it, she uses it as a toilet soap, and grave people assert she is growing a lighter complexion as a consequence! This soap not only purifies the clothes as none other will, but *robs washing-day of all unpleasant features, and electrifies the whole household!*" Much more does Mrs. Grace say, and as she never lost her little hatchet we are inclined to believe her.

The Very Best Soap!

That DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP is the very best soap made, needs only a *single trial with any other soap* to prove it. The matter should be kept before the people, until every one makes the trial; for to try it, under the severest test, proves more than mere testimony in its favor. We know of very many large dealers, who, deriving more *percentage* on the sale of cheaper and very inferior soaps, who boldly testify there is no soap so valuable to the consumer as DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP. We urge a trial of the VERY BEST SOAP—Dobbins' Electric.

We lately had a conversation with two SHAKER SISTERS upon the *real value* of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP. One of them sends us in response the following opinions: "EDITOR SHAKER MANIFESTO: I tried DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP and found all that had been said about it was true, while much more could be said in truth. *It is by far the BEST SOAP I EVER USED.* And I only wish and hope that every one will send for it. Instead of using the coarse, miserable, and comparatively useless soaps, use DOBBINS' ELECTRIC. Make what use you please of my simple recommendation; but if I could praise it more, I certainly would do it, as it is worthy.

ANN BUCKINGHAM.

Attached to the above:

CATHARINE VEDDER, of the same village, says: "I cordially unite my testimony to that of ANN BUCKINGHAM; and with an experience with soaps of *nearly seventy years, can say I never yet saw or used its equal!*"

"Try it, Sisters."

Picking up our exchanges, we are more than pleased to find so many ladies, urging upon their hard-worked, over-worked sex to "TRY DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP, SISTERS;" because we know this cry comes to us from many quarters.

Mrs. BRIDGET BRADY, of CAZENOVIA, N. Y., writes us, "*It is darer but it is chaper!*" and a trial soon shows the latter part of her testimony is true.

One lady, Mrs. FITCH, of Rochester, Pa., has coupled philanthropy with an invitation to try it, and has engaged in giving samples of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC to poorer neighbors.—Try the philanthropy plan.

Another, Mrs. E. MORELY, of Buffalo, N. Y., poetically sings,

"Riches why does God confer?

'Tis that they may minister,

To the poor in their distress—

By sending DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP."